

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**J. A. ANCHETA,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Will practice in all the courts of the territory. Criminal law a specialty. Office corner Texas and Spring streets.  
SILVER CITY - - - NEW MEXICO.

**JAMES S. FIELDER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Office over Silver City National Bank.  
SILVER CITY - - - N. M.

**S. B. GILLET,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
Collections a Specialty.  
SILVER CITY - - - N. M.

**H. L. PICKETT,**  
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**A. H. HARLLEE,**  
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Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory.  
SILVER CITY, - - - N. M.

**C. T. PHILLIPS,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Office at Bailey's drug Store. Rooms at Dr. Bailey's residence.  
SILVER CITY - - - N. M.

## SECRET SOCIETIES.

**R. A. M.**  
Silver City Chapter, No. 2, at Masonic Hall. Regular convocations on 3d Wednesday evening of each month. All companions invited to attend. AARON SCHUTZ, H. P. PERRY B. LADY, Sec'y.

**A. F. & A. M.**  
Silver City Lodge, No. 8. Meets at Masonic Hall, over Silver City Nat'l Bank, the Thursday evening on or before the full moon each month. All visiting brothers invited to attend. M. W. TWOMEY, W. M. PERRY B. LADY, Sec'y.

**O. E. S.**  
Silver City Chapter No. 3. O. E. S. Meets every 1st and 3d Thursday in each month at Masonic Hall. MRS. CENA COSOROVE, W. M. MRS. NELLY B. LADY, Sec'y.

**I. O. O. F.**  
Jas L. Ridgely Encampment No. 1. Meets the 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Visiting patriarchs cordially invited.  
A. E. ATKINS, C. P. J. J. KELLY, Scribe.

**I. O. O. F.**  
Isaac Tiffany Lodge, No. 13. Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, Bank building, Saturday evenings. Members of the order cordially invited to attend. T. W. HOLSON, N. G. ST. GEORGE ROBINSON, Sec'y.

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## A GREAT COON DOG.

## An Indiana Pup That Found a Six-Year-Old Cold Trail.

Several enthusiastic coon hunters the other day were discussing the "ring-tailed" chase, says the Wabash Times, when "Hime" Wellman, of Urbana, came in and in a few minutes was doing more coon talk than all the balance of the crowd put together.

"I'll tell you," said "Hime," "I've got the best cold trailer on a coon track that ever anybody owned, and he is only eight months old, too! I took the pup out the other day just to see if he could run a track and to give him a little exercise, and he hadn't been in the woods ten minutes until I heard him bark, and he kept barking in such a way as to make me believe he had 'treed' his game, and then I came to the conclusion that he was a 'still hunter.' I found him at the mouth of a six-inch tile ditch and he had pulled out one of the tiles with his teeth and was chewing the end of it to pieces. As he was a young dog I did not want to ruin his teeth and I pulled him away from the tile, but as soon as I let go of him he would jump back and tackle the thing again with renewed vigor. I led him to the mouth of the ditch and stuck his nose in the end of the tile, but he paid no attention to that but ran back to the other one.

"That sort of carrying on bothered me and I at last led the dog away, remarking that he was no good on earth. After awhile I turned him loose once more and in less than three minutes he was back at that tile biting pieces out of it and barking like an old-timer. As I saw the pup was bound to ruin himself by breaking off his teeth I picked up the tile, determined to carry it to the house, so as to keep it out of his reach. As I walked along looking at the marks of the pup's teeth I made a startling discovery, and what do you think it was?"

The spell-bound listeners of the strange story held their breath for a moment and in a chorus asked: "What?" "Well, right on the inside of that tile I saw plainly the imprint of a 'coon's foot, which had been made there when the tile had been first molded and the clay was soft and yielding. The tile had evidently been made late in the evening and set away to dry and the 'coon had run through it the very same night and made the track. The tile, of course, was afterward dried and burned in the kiln, and it has been in that ditch for more than six years, and I say an eight-months-old pup that can smell as cold a trail as that is certainly the champion 'coon dog of the world."

## WHAT THE CHINESE EAT.

Their Breadstuffs Seem Sad, Solemn, Sordid and Blistous.

A member of the English parliament, Florence O'Driscoll, in a lively paper in Century, describes life and street scenes in Canton. Mr. O'Driscoll says:

The food purveyors made a most striking display; the fruiterers exposed on flat trays bananas, pineapples, melons, figs, pears (the latter beautiful to the sight but hard and tasteless), to-

